HOW TO DANCE THE ONE STEP, BY THE VERNON CASTLES

The correct position in the starting of the one step.

The lady's left hand should rest lightly on the gentleman's right shoulder.

Neither stand too close together nor too far apart.

As you begin the spin you rise on the right foot.

Famous Dancers Declare It to Be the Most Popular of All the New Dances and Show an Easy Way to Master It---Believe the Modern Dances Have Come to Stay

WE all know that the art of dancing is very old. We read of it in ancient history and it is often mentioned in the Bible while dancing girls have been known in the East for many centuries.

Times and dances have changed. In early times dancing was limited to the few; now almost any girl who does not dance is either an invalid or the piano player. We have nearly all come to realize that dancing is part of our education, and the more proficient we become the better we like it.

Modern dancing has come to stay, whatever may be the current opinion. Of course individual dances are bound to change; undoubtedly we shall have a revival of the older dances. Some of these were very pretty, but some were appalling.

Almost any one will admit that dancing is an art, but in truth it is really all arts in one; it is music incarnate, it is the poetry of motion and it is painting. Often it is one of the loveliest of moving picture representations—we refer of course to real dancing, and real dancing is not a species of gymnastic contortions nor hoidenish romping, though we have recently seen both in the ballrooms and on the stage. Real dancing means graceful measures tripped to the lilting rhythm of fine music.

Up to the present moment by far the most popular of all dances is the one-step. There are many reasons for its popularity, the chief being that it can be learned in a very little time by any one, old or young, who is able to walk in time to music, and, I might say, by many who cannot. Another reason is because the music is ragtime. People can say what they like about ragtime. The waltz is beautiful, the tango is graceful, the Brazilian maxixe is unique. One can sit quietly and listen with pleasure to them all; but when a good orchestra plays a "rag" one has simply got to move. The onestep is the dance for ragtime music.

This is the way to dance it: The dancers stand directly in front of each other, the lady's right hand in the gentleman's left. The elbows should be slightly bent, not held out stiffly, like the bowsprit of a boat, as this not only looks awkward but is uncomfortable and often dangerous to the other dancers.

The gentleman's right hand should be a little above the lady's waistline, more or less over her left shoulder blade, but this, of course, depends upon the size of the lady. All I would say is: Don't stand too close together or too far apart; be comfortable, and you stand a good chance of looking graceful. The lady's left hand should rest lightly on the gentleman's right shoulder. She should not curl her arm tightly around his.

The gentleman usually starts forward and the lady backward, the reason being that the lady is generally more graceful and can go backward with greater ease and a man can also see where he is going and thus prevent a collision with other couples.

Now to begin with the dance, the gentleman starts forward with his left foot and the lady steps backward with her right, walking in time to the music. Bear in mind this one important point: When I say walk, that is all it is. Do not shuffle, do not bob up and down or trot. Simply walk as softly and smoothly as possible, taking a step to every count of the music.

This is the onestep, and this is all there is to it. There are very many different figures, but they are in the same strict tempo. It is simply one step, hence its name.

The spin is probably the most important step of all, yet there are very few people who do it correctly. One main point you must bear in mind, and that is only to spin on one foot. A pegtop could not spin well if it had two pegs, and it is the same with us.

It is absolutely necessary for both lady and gentleman to use the right foot. Now both these feet must be close together. With the left foot you propel yourself round, the gentleman holding his partner closely and bringing her round with a steady pull.

Of course I need hardly say that you must keep time to the music. Mrs. Castle and myself whirl at a very great speed, and you can either spin on your toe or your heel. It does not matter which. I personally always spin on my heel on a slippery floor and on my toe on a carpet or "dead" floor.

The step out is a step which can be done at any time during the onestep. It is simply stepping out at the side of your partner so that instead of walking in front you are walking a little to the side of each other. I will explain in this way:

The gentleman is walking forward and the lady backward, as in the ordinary onestep. Now the gentleman holds the lady a little distance away from him and steps out to his left so that without changing the direction at all his right foot is at the side of her right foot instead of being between her feet. You walk several steps this way and a half turn or spin to the right will bring you to your original position.

Here is another way of doing this step which is a little more difficult but much more effective. In this the gentleman is going backward and the lady forward. Now the gentleman holds the lady a little distance away and turns her so that she takes a half turn backward and he takes a half turn forward, still going in the same direction as they originally started. The fact of your having held the lady away from you during the turn will have caused you both to be walking at the side of each other instead of in the front—and there you are.

Vernon Castle
Irene Castle

(Copyrighted, 1914, Otis F. Wood.)

As you begin the "step out" figure you step to the side of your partner, so that you are walking a little to the side.

Just before you make a turn or try any kind of fancy step your position should be about like this. An easy, graceful posture.

Conducted Business Without Account Books

RECENTLY Philip O'Day, a coal dealer of Brooklyn, died and it was found that for nearly twenty years he had kept complete tally of his business in his head. He had not the slightest knowledge of arithmetic, as taught, but according to his own methods was able to remember who owed him and whom he owed, down to a cent.

His sons associated with him in the business kept a private account book, but they never dared let their father know about it. Just before his death the coal merchant told them the names of all debtors and the amounts due. Even in his dying moments he spoke with scorn of the need his sons found for using pencil and paper to take down what he told them. After their father had passed away the sons found his memory was even better than their account book, for they had neglected putting down certain sums the old merchant had reported to them.

There was a lumber merchant of Buffalo named Robert Masterson who even excelled O'Day in his ability to run his business without books. He had a knack of associating something apart from a business transaction with that transaction, so that in case of forgetfulness on the part of a debtor he was always able to say: "It was the afternoon your wife came in the office after she had bought the new baby carriage" or "That was the same morning that your son came down from the Maine woods and you joked him about his farmer appearance."

Just as Abraham Lincoln always had an illustrative story to clinch a point he wanted to make, so Masterson had in his remembrance little things that any other man would have paid no heed to at all. It was seldom that ten or a dozen words from him failed to settle emphatically any uncertainty connected with his business dealings.

His reputation so spread because of this faculty that Buffalo business men often called on him for corroboration of certain transactions, although they did not concern him. In his way he was a sort of Samuel Pepys, the prompting to observe everything and everybody about him being very strong. But, unlike Pepys, he kept no journal, no more than he did a ledger.

Nevertheless outsiders often came to him to settle questions the same as if he had been the most punctilious of recorders. It was an ordinary thing for two and three business men to run in of a day and ask: "Say, Bob, do you recall whether or not Johnson agreed to take the first or second grade stuff that day you were in?" And, "Bob, did I promise to renew Ferguson's note that afternoon he was at my office when you called?" Invariably what Masterson said was accepted as conclusive.

A few years ago there was a teamster in Milwaukee named Israel Mullin who was able to tell at the end of the week the number of loads and their weights he had hauled for the six days past without so much as a figure on paper. It would have been useless to furnish him with paper and pencils, his memory was found to be unerring.

He was dismissed once for using liquor too freely and a man appointed to his place who used pencil and paper. The first week the pencil and paper man made over a dozen errors, and Mullin got his job back.

So remarkable is the power of memory in some men that it seems an uncanny mental acquisition. Probably the most remarkable example of the kind was the ability of the celebrated chess player Paul Morphy to play a dozen games of chess at the one time blindfolded—that is, playing the games simultaneously without looking at the chess board, the moves being called to him by number and he calling back his reply.

COLUMBIA STUDENTS FORM SUPES' CLUB

Sixteen Young Men Who Cannot Afford to Pay for Seats at Metropolitan Opera Obtain Fun and Knowledge by Their Work on Stage

SIXTEEN Columbia University students whose allowances will not permit them to pay for seats at the Metropolitan Opera House this season will not be deprived of their opera. They're going to hear it from the stage itself, and what's more, they're going to be paid for hearing it. Grand opera being a necessary adjunct to a college education, or a prescribed extension course, as the students call it, the students have decided to hear their grand opera by suping.

When the call for supes for "Carmen" was sent out a few weeks ago the sixteen students presented themselves to R. H. Judels, S. S. (superintendent of supes), and told him they were ready to stick by him for the season. It's not easy always to get supes for grand opera, so Mr. Judels was elated at the news. He told them they were more than welcome, and that he would see to it that they were placed in any performance they desired. All that Mr. Judels has to do now when he wants a reliable supe is to call up Columbia and ask for the Supes' Club.

The club was organized under circumstances more novel than any other organization or fraternity at Columbia. It so happens in "Carmen" that the supes only have to appear in the first and last acts. After the first act they can do what they please—that is, the Columbia supes can—and they would have climbed to the uppermost wings to watch Miss Farrar in her first *Carmen* if Jules Speck, the stage manager, had not requested them to be good for just one night that nothing might vex Miss Farrar.

"Mes enfants," expostulated Mr. Speck, beckoning the college supes to him, "You would not wish to spoil the first performance of 'Carmen,' eh? Remember, it is Miss Farrar's evening. You will not be naughty, eh?"

"Not guilty," replied one who assumed the responsibility of spokesman. "Come on, fellows, we'll go downstairs."

And so they did, down two flights under the great stage where they finally sat themselves around a table in the supes' room. It was an odd gathering. With the exception of two or three men all wore the toreador costume. They lit cigarettes, a pack of cards was produced and shortly a game of rum was in progress.

The game continued until I. N. Singer began to talk about a supes' club. Thereafter, until the bell rang summoning them to form in battle array for the last act, argument held sway, finally resolving itself into an election. Singer was proclaimed president, R. K. Munroe, secretary and D. A. Doble, official representative. They are all New Yorkers.

W. N. Bratton, who rowed No. 6 oar for the victorious Columbia crew last year at Poughkeepsie, lost out for the presidency by a narrow margin. Bratton comes from Alaska and he was the heaviest man on the crew, but the audience, listening to the Metropolitan's revival of "Carmen," didn't know it was he standing less than three feet away from Caruso. And the toreador beside him was F. L. Brady, who is one of Columbia's fastest runners. And the driver who wheeled Amato and Miss Farrar from the wings to the stage was none other than G. W. Bowman of Ohio, whose father is a judge.

"We've got the only supes' club in existence," said President Singer. "It means great things to the Columbia men who can't afford to pay for opera and who can't afford to miss it. Of course the pay doesn't amount to much—twenty-five cents for rehearsal and fifty cents for the performance; but there's a bushel of fun and a bushel of knowledge to be had from it. Mr. Speck is very kind to us because he knows we won't overstep the lines. We roam about at will when we aren't actually on the stage, and we have permission to hear the opera from the wings. Did you ever hear it there? Is it great? Is it?"

"And say," spoke up G. T. Koch of New Jersey, who is an optometry student this year, "Did you know Caruso shakes like a leaf when he hits a high note? You should have seen him shake in 'Carmen' the other night. I was near him, about two feet away, and he was shaking so much I had a notion to whisper, 'are you all right, old fellow?'"

"And break up the opera, eh?" reprimanded L. M. Wickersham of Delaware. "If Caruso would drop dead on the stage I wouldn't raise a feather. We supes aren't supposed to know what the principals do. Caruso might have to drop dead, according to the book."

When the dress rehearsal was called for "Carmen" one Sunday morning, the sixteen Columbia supes were given permission to occupy one of the boxes until they were needed.

"We piled upstairs as if we owned the place," said Ray R. Randall of California, "and there we listened to two whole acts, hearing Miss Farrar, Mme. Alda, Caruso, Amato and others. It was one grand experience, I can tell you."

"There's one thing I've learned," commented Clarence T. Lovejoy of Massachusetts, "and that's regarding an orchestra conductor. I always had the impression that a conductor was a big bluffer who conducted because he couldn't do any other thing. I changed my mind when we were rehearsing 'Carmen.' The chorus—and they are all foreigners as far as I know—were going over the score with the piano. Conductor Toscanini was standing near by watching the man at the piano. Evidently he didn't like the way he was playing, for he went to the piano himself and without halting the music a bit sat down and played it a thousand times better. That settled me as regards orchestra conductors. They are musicians, that's all."

"And they speak about Caruso being an artist," said W. A. Blocher of Delaware. "I've seen his sketches in the papers, but you could never convince me that they were from his pen. I thought his press agent did the drawing. When I watched him sketch the ballet girls the other night—twelve of them in about ten minutes—I changed my mind as Lovejoy did. Caruso could make a good living doing sketch work alone."

"Miss Farrar is very nervous, you know, and when her name was called that night she left her seat in a jump and ran across a bridge constructed over the orchestra pit and so up on the stage. I was wondering to myself what would have happened if she had slipped and sprained her ankle."

"The opera which was in rehearsal was 'Carmen.' Of course it would have had to be called off, and such an accident to Miss Farrar would have cost her and Mr. Gatti-Casazza thousands of dollars. And then I pictured myself helping Miss Farrar to her feet and doing the hero stunt, you know. And lastly I thought of the folks out home reading about their brave son holding the wonderful singer in his arms. Good night! I wish these singers won't be more nervous!"

"But what if a ballet girl should fall," spoke up one student supe, "and I should pick her up and the papers should—oh, what's the use? This suping business is the greatest extension course going!"